

# The Saturday Evening Post.

VOLUME I.

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## CONDITIONS.

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Subscription received in the city for less than six months—in the country, no subscription received under one year.

Subscribers will have the privilege to insert at advertisement, throughout the year, to the extent of half a square, at two dollars additional—with the customary allowance for renewals and alterations. Non-subscribers to pay at the rate of one dollar per square for three insertions.

A Letter Box will be found at the gate (No. 53 Market street) where Advertisements and Communications may be deposited—or they will be thankfully received in the Office back.

[For the *Saturday Evening Post*.]

*Editors.*  
The following lines, I beg leave to hand you, that they may receive a place in a column of your paper; they are from the pen of Lord Byron, and have not yet made their appearance among the rest of the productions of his prolific pen.

Yours, &c. W. T.

Not! nor dream! my spirit's fled—  
In me, behold the only skull,  
From which, unlike a living head,  
Whatever flows is never dull.

Life!—I loathe!—I loathe!—I loathe!—  
I died—let earth my bones resign,  
Fill up, thou canst not injure me,  
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,  
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy breed,  
And circle in the goblet's shape,  
The drink of Gods, than reptiles feed.

Where'er, perchance, my wail hath shown,  
In aid of others let me shine—  
And when, alas! our brains are gone,  
What nobler substitute than wine.

Quaff whilst thou canst, another race,  
When thou, and thine, like me are sped,  
May rescue thee from death's embrace,  
And rhyme, and revel with the dead.

Why not? When thro' life's little day,  
Our heads should add effect produce;  
Borne down from worm's devouring clay,  
This chance is thine, to be of use.

*NOTE.* On digging near the Abbey of Newstead, (the seat of his Lordship,) for the purpose of making a cold bath, several human skulls were found—most of one of them his Lordship formed the horrid idea of having it filled up as a goblet, which was mounted with silver, and handed about to his guests (filled with ale) after their cheese.

**The Burial of Sir John Moore,**  
Who fell at the Battle of Corunna, in 1808.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er th' grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moon beam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er  
His head,

And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton hath laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring—  
And we heard by the distant random gun,  
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We cover'd him a line, we rais'd not a stone,  
But left him alone with his glory.

## Moral and Religious.

### INDIFFERENCE IN RELIGION.

Indifference in eternal things, instead of tranquilizing the mind, as it professes to be, is, when a thoughtful moment occurs, a fresh subject of uneasiness; because it adds to our peril the horror of not knowing it.—If shutting our eyes to a danger would prevent it, to shut them would not only be a happiness, but a duty; but to barter eternal safety for momentary ease, is a wretched compromise. To produce this delusion, mere inconsideration is as efficient a cause as the most prominent sin. The reason why we do not value eternal things, is because we do not think of them. The mind is so full of what is present, that it has no room to admit a thought of what is to come. Not only we do not give that attention to a never-dying soul which prudent men give to a common transaction, but we do not even think it worth the care which inconsiderate men give to an inconsiderable one. We complain that life is short, and yet throw away the best part of it, only making over to religion that portion which is good for nothing else; life would be long enough if we assigned its best period to its best purpose.

Men spend their lives in anticipation, determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they have time. The present time has one advantage

over any other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come.—We may lay in a stock of pleasure, as we would lay in a stock of wine; but if we defer tasting of them too long, we shall find that they both are soured by age. Let our happiness, therefore, be a modest mansion which we can inhabit while we have our health and vigor to enjoy it; not a fabric so vast and expensive, that it has cost us the best part of our lives to build, and which we can expect to occupy only when we have less occasion for an habitation than a tomb. It has been well observed that we should treat futurity as an aged friend, from whom we expect a rich legacy. Let us do nothing to forfeit his esteem, and treat him with respect not with scurlity. But let us not be too prodigal when we are young, nor too parsimonious when we are old, otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those who, when they had the power to enjoy, had not the prudence to acquire; and when they had the power to acquire had no longer the power to enjoy.

### AN EXTRACT.

"Life is short; the poor pittance of 50 years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lie interred in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you thro' the tracks of time, a vast desert of unnumbered ages lies open in the retrospect: through this desert have your forefathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man.

"You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion; every moment big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence."

### MILES COLVINE.

"I was not always an unhappy man—I had fair domains, a stately house, a beautiful wife, and a sweet daughter; but it is not what we have, but what we enjoy, that blesteth man's heart, and makes him as one of the angels. I dwelt on a wild sea-coast, full of woods and caverns, the haunt of a banditti who find subsistence in fraud and violence, and from a continued perseverance in hostility to human law, became daily more hardened of heart and fierce of nature. I was young then, and romantic, and though I did not approve of the course of these men's lives, there appeared glimpses of generosity, and courage, and fortitude, about them, which shed a halo over a life of immorality and crime. I protected them not, neither did I associate with them; but they soon saw in the passive manner in which I regarded their nocturnal intercourse with the coast, and the ready and delighted ear which I lent to the narratives of their adventures by sea and land, that they had nothing to fear and much to hope. Their confidence increased, and their numbers augmented, and they soon found a leader capable of giving an aim to all their movements, and who brought something like regular craft and ability to their counsels.

I was reputed rich, and was rich; my treasures were mostly of gold and silver plate, and bars of the former metal, the gain of a relative who had shared with the Buccaneers in the plunder of Panama. I had also been wedded for a number of years, my wife was young and beautiful, and our daughter, an only child, my own May Colvine, here where she sits, was in her thirteenth year, with a frame that seemed much too delicate to survive the disasters she has since been doomed to meet. We were counselled to carry her to warmer climates, and were preparing for our voyage, and my wife was ready to accompany me, when a large smuggling cutter cast anchor in a deep woody bay which belonged to my estate, and as I sat on the top of my house, looking towards the sea, a person in a naval dress came and accosted me. He was, he said, the captain of the Free Trader lying in the bay, with a cargo of choice wine, and his mariners were bold lads and true, had periled themselves freely by land and water, and often experienced the protection of Miles Colvine's bay, and the hospitality of his menials. They had heard of my intention to carry my wife and daughter to a more genial climate, and, if we wished to touch at Lisbon, or to go to any of the islands where Europeans seek for health, they would give us a passage, for they honoured us next to commerce without law or restraint. But I must tell you, that the chief of this band, knowing my love for marvellous tales, hinted, that he had men on board, who, to the traditionary lore of their maritime ancestors, added their own adventures and deeds; and could, with the romantic ballads of Denmark and Sweden, mingle the troubadour tales of France, the Moorish legends of Spain, and the singular narratives which survive among the peasantry on my native coast. To soothe and propitiate my wife he had recourse to another charm; from the pocket of a long boat-cloak he produced a mantle of the most precious fabric, and spreading it out before her, with all its rich variety of co-

lour and Eastern profusion of ornament, offered it as an humble present from himself and his mariners. I need not prolong this part of my narrative; we embarked at twilight, and standing out of the bay, dropped anchor till morning dawn. The captain sat armed beside us; this excited no suspicion, for he went commonly armed, and related adventures of a trying and remarkable kind which had befallen him on foreign shores, with a liveliness, and a kind of maritime grace, which were perfectly captivating. All night we heard overhead the tramp and the din of sailors passing and repassing, and with the grey of the morning we plucked up our anchor, spread our sails to a shrill wind, shot away seaward, and my native land vanished from my view. All was life and gladness, we danced and we sang on deck, and drained cups of the purest wine; while the breeze favoured us, and the sky remained unclouded and serene.

In about fifteen days the spice groves of one of the Portuguese Islands appeared before us, and as the sun was setting, it was resolved we should remain at the entrance of a bay till day-light. We were crowded on the deck, looking on the green and beautiful land, and a gentle seaward wind wafted the perfume of the forest about us. My wife was in the bloom of youth and beauty, and she stood beside me, and the sailors smoothed their locks, and refrained from curses, so much were they touched by her beauty; but this awe lasted but a little while. The captain was merry far beyond his usual measure of delight, and drained one wine cup after another to my wife's health and mine; he vowed I was as a god among his men, and that my wife was revered as a divinity. "But come," said he, "Miles Colvine, I have a curious and a cunning thing to show you, which you alone deserve to see; I got it among the Moors, so come and come alone."—I rose and followed him, for my curiosity was unbounded; he conducted me below, and opening a small wicket in the wall of his cabin with a key, ushered me in, and closing it suddenly upon me, locked it, and then I heard him bounding up the stair to the deck. I stood half imagining this to be a jest, or something, at least, of a light nature; but shriek after shriek of my wife, uttered in the piercing agony of anguish and despair, soon undeceived me. I called, I entreated, I used force, and though I was armed by anger and despair with almost supernatural might, the door withstood all my efforts. But why should I dwell upon a scene of such unutterable misery? What I endured, and what the woman I loved and adored suffered, are fit only to be imagined, not, surely, to be spoken. Her wrongs were remembered, and her shrieks numbered by a power far more terrible than man, and a certain doom and deplorable death was pronounced against them, at the moment their joy was fullest.

The evening passed away, and morning came, and through a little wicket which looked upon the sea, the light showed me that my chamber was the treasure-room of the pirates, for such they were, as well as smugglers; at the same moment a hole opened above, and a piece of bread and an antique silver cup filled with wine, were lowered down. Amid the misery of my situation it seemed but a light evil that I recognised the silver vessel to be part of the treasure I had left at home, and in seeking for a weapon to force the wicket, I found that my whole riches, in gold as well as silver, had been seized and put on board. I could now measure the extent of my calamity, and prepared myself for a fate, which, among such miscreants, could not be deemed far distant. The morning was not much advanced when the sun dipped at once into a dark and tempestuous ocean of clouds, the wind began to whistle shriller and shriller among our sails, and the sea, upturned by sudden and heavy gusts of wind, showed as far as the eye could reach, the dark and tremendous furrows so fatal to mariners. The wind was from the land, and I could both see and feel the vessel was unable to gain the harbour, and had sought security from the approaching tempest by standing out to sea. I heard the wind wax louder, and saw the billows roll, with a joy that arises from the hope of revenge: the sky became darker, and the sea flashed over the decks, and the tempest hurried the ship onward with a rapidity which alarmed the sailors, accustomed as they were to the elements. The seams of the vessel began to admit the sea, and every where symptoms appeared of her immediate destruction.

I heard a conversation overhead I shall never forget. "I tell you," said a voice in low Scotch, "good can never come of such evil as your captain and you have wrought; had you taken Miles Colvine's gold and silver alone the sin had been but small, and a grey-headed repentance might have mended all. But the bonnie lady! her voice has been heard to-day, and tremble all you that touched her sweet body, for here has come an avenging tempest. The sea will soon devour us, and hot hell will hold us; and the mother who bore, and the wife who loved me, and the bonnie babes I have nursed on my knee, will behold me no more; and all for being in company with such hell-bounds as you."—A voice replied to all this, in a tone too low

and suppressed to be audible; and the Scotchman answered again. "Lo, look, did ever eyes behold such a sight, all around us the sea is smooth as glass, and other ships pass by us under a gentle breeze, without a wetted sail, but we! the anger of heaven has found us, for on us the thick tempest beats, and the evil-one is pursuing us to destruction. O thou eternal villain—captain, I shall call thee no more—and you!—you fifteen wretches, who shared with him in his crime, make you ready, for that storm will neither leave you, nor make you, till you are buried in the ocean." At the very moment when ruin seemed inevitable the tempest ceased, the clouds passed away, and the descending sun shone brightly down, making the shoreless waters sparkle as far as the eye could reach. No bounds were now set to the joy of the crew; they crowded the deck, made a circle round several vessels of wine and baskets of biscuit, and before the twilight had passed away a few only were capable of guiding the vessel. The night grew very dark, and as I sat in utter despair I heard the same friendly voice, that I had so lately heard, say, "Miles Colvine, put your trust in Him who can still the tempest, the hour is come." In a moment the wicket opened, and the same voice said, "Take this sword, and come with me. If you have courage to avenge the miseries and the death of your beautiful and wretched wife, come, for the hour is at hand, and as sure as I hate sin, and love immortal happiness, I shall help you." I took the sword and followed in silence, and coming on deck, I beheld a scene which the hope of sure and immediate revenge rendered inexpressibly sweet. The captain and five sailors, though nearly overcome with wine, were seated on deck; the remainder of the crew had retired below; some shouted, some sang, all blasphemed, and one loud din of cursing and carousal echoed far and wide: the mingled clamour that ascended from this scene of wickedness and debauchery partook of all the evil qualities of debased minds and the most infamous pursuits, and cannot be described. Discord had its full share in the conference on deck between the captain and his confederates; they were debating about their shares in the plunder of my house. "Share! by my saul, man," said a Scottish sailor to the captain, "your share in Miles Colvine's pure gold can be but small; one hour of his sweet lady's hundred leagues from land, was worth all the gold that ever shone."—"I shall share all fairly," said the captain, laying his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, "and first I shall share thy scoundrel carcase among the fishes of the sea, if I hear such a word again. Did I plan the glorious plot of carrying away the fair lady and her lord's treasure, to share either with such a Scottish sawney as thee?" The wrath of the Scotchman burnt on his brow, far redder than the flush of the wine he had drunk. "Fiend seethe my saul in his kettles and cauldron, if ye taste na' could iron for this!"—"And out came his cutlass as he spoke. "That's my hearty Caledonian," said one of his comrades, "give him a touch of the roasting iron; didn't he give a blow to the head of my mother's own son, this blessed morning, for only playing pluck at the lady's garment. Ah, give him the cold piece of steel, my hearty." A blow from the captain's cutlass was the answer to this; several drunkards drew their swords, and ill-directed blows, and ineffectual stabs, were given and received in the dark.—"Now," said my sailor, laying his hand on mine, to stay me, "I received his admonition, 'say na' one word, for words slay not, but glide like a knife through a spirit; thrust your blade, for anger strikes, but revenge stabs, and I will secure the gang-way and fight along with you.' I heard and obeyed, and gliding among them, thrust one of them through and through; a second, and a third dropped, ere they saw who was among them. The captain attempted to draw a pistol, but my sword and my friend's, entered at back and bosom; and though two yet remained unburt, I struck my sword a second time through the bosom of my mortal enemy, as he lay beneath me; and the last expiring glance of his eye was a look worth remembering. Ere this was accomplished, the other two were both lying with their companions. I have frequently imagined that a firmness and strength, more than my own, were given me during this desperate encounter. Meanwhile the remainder of the crew below set no bounds to their merriment and shouting, and seemed, as my Scottish friend remarked, ordained to die by my hand, since their clamour, by drowning the groans of their comrades, prevented them from providing for their safety. We fastened the cabin door, and barricaded the gang-way, keeping watch with pistol and sword, with the hope of seeing some friendly shore, or a compassionate sail, while the vessel, urged onward by a strong wind, scudded with supernatural swiftness thro' the midnight waters. We had entered the Solway sea, when the storm, augmenting every moment, carried us rapidly along, and when opposite Allanby, a whirlwind seizing our ship by the rigging whirled her fairly round, and down she went head foremost. Even in this moment of extreme peril, I shall never forget the figure that, couched among the slain, started to its feet before me, in health and unhurt. There

is a fate in all things: it was that fatal human form whom I slew to-night. Revenge is sweetest when it comes unlooked for. As we sank, a passing vessel saw my pretty May Colvine, her murdered mother's image, and her wretched father, and saved too the heroic sailors; the drunken wretches went to the bottom without the chance of swimming for assistance they deserved not to prolong.

**Courts.**—The most sentimental of ship which we have ever heard of took place not long since. Louisa was only child of a gentleman, who, blessed with a liberal education, the graces which nature had lavished upon his daughter, short, Louisa was an heiress, and other heiresses, had a numerous train of suitors.

"Among the rest young William bore, But never talk'd of love."  
He was a young man of independent worth and talents, which Louisa was least to discover; but he possessed no share of that diffidence usually attendant on merit. Their eyes had long kindled a mutual flame before he could secure enough to disclose his passion. Chance threw in his way a golden opportunity.—They were alone.—After a short silence of some minutes, he faltered—he could not utter another word, but his eloquent countenance spoke the Louisa understood him, and overwhelmed with confusion, stammered out—"Go—MY FATHER."

### A SAILOR'S PETITION.

The following pathetic and humorous petition was actually presented to the Legislature of Maryland, on the 20th day of Dec. 1826.

To the Hon. the General Assembly of Maryland, now assembled in the city of Annapolis.  
The humble petition of poor John Cline of the city of Baltimore, sheweth to your honours that your unfortunate petitioner while ploughing the domains of old Neptune, having carried rather taught sails, stormy weather, the gales of misfortune blowing hard, he overran his reckoning, the watch on deck keeping a bad look on, he was stranded on the shoals of poverty, soon after overhauled and made prisoner by the commander of the press-gang, called the Sheriff of Baltimore, and he now lies locked under the hatches in limbo, to the grief of his darling Polly, and his sweet little crew, who since his imprisonment have been on short allowance. Therefore, your petitioner prays your honours will order the hatches to be unbarred by the act of insolvency, that his fasts may be cut, he again put to sea on a cruise, in hope a better fortune may prove kind in the distribution of prize money, and poor Jack be once more enabled to cheer the hearts of his darling Polly and her sweet babes.

And your petitioner will ever pray.

### THE PROGRESS OF PRINTING.

The number of persons employed in book-printing in the United States is estimated at 10,000—Upwards of \$400,000 were expended by the publishers of the Cyclopaedia; 30,000 reams of paper were used; 12,000 copper-plates were engraved, from which 2,776,000 impressions were taken. It has for fifteen years given employment to a hundred persons daily. is the largest work in the English language and the American edition is larger than English. The foreign books which have been published in the United States within 30 years exceed \$20,000,000. The amount of books manufactured in this country every year is at least from one and half to two millions.

### Cross Readings.

(From a late London Ministerial paper).—"Call you this backing your friends?"—The following curious sentences occur in the journals of the week, by reading across two columns instead of at ending to the divisions.

Yesterday afternoon Lord Eldon entertained a select party at a cheap soup shop in the vicinity of Rosemary-lane.

Yesterday morning the Cabinet Council finally determined to perform the afterpiece of the *Miller and his Men*.

On Tuesday there was a Board at the Treasury, to consider of a new way to pay Old Debts, Who's Who?

### Book Keeping by double entry.

Mr. Nimrod, in his history of Sterling-shire in Scotland, informs us that when writing was a rare accomplishment, the old treasurer of the town of Sterling kept his accounts by the following singular method.—He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney; and in one he put all the money he received, and in the other receipts for the money he paid. At the end of the year, or whenever he wanted up his accounts, he emptied the boots by counting their several contents, he was enabled to make up his trouble as any book-keeper.



*Niagara, (N. Y.) March 16.*  
*The Lover's Leap.*—A melancholy catastrophe took place on Tuesday last, near the Albion Mills, District of Gore. A young woman who had for some time been an inmate in the house of John Second, Esq., a fit of distraction, threw herself over a precipice, said to be 100 feet high. Although she was not dashed to pieces, (as might have been expected,) the concussion was so great that she survived but a few hours. It is said she had set her affections on a young man, who had not made a proper return, which was the cause.

It is a notorious fact, that during a residence of Mr. Monte in Branch street, the Sengweyers have been permitted once, and only once, to make their appearance. This, I presume, is left for the common and exclusive use of the residents of that square, and is a matter which has the same effect as the "no dogs" notice, which is a truly American and should the Commissioners in the exercise of their prerogative, suffer it to remain in force. I repeat, the officials in this case seem to have been guilty of a violation of public duty, and should be held to the

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# The Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.  
Saturday, April 13, 1862.

The advance payment for the second six months, having been due for some time, we indulge a hope that our patrons will give us an early call, or leave their respective dues, at their dwellings, and thereby prevent the too frequent use of those disagreeable words, "Call again!" We should be pleased to hear from our friends who reside at a distance from the city, either through the post-office, or any other channel most convenient to them.

While we lament the schism that has lately taken place in the congregation of St. Mary's Church, and would willingly favour such suggestions as might tend to conciliate the affections of the two parties, yet we cannot give publicity to any article that could possibly wound the feelings of either.

CONGRESS.—A joint resolution from the Senate, which has passed the House of Representatives, selects the eighth day of May for the termination of the first session of the seventeenth Congress. There are numerous bills now under consideration, and many must necessarily be laid over until the next meeting of Congress.

THE PRINTER'S GUIDE, as published by C. S. Van Winkle, of New-York, may be had of Mr. Adam Kamm, Library street, at the reduced price of \$1.50.

THE SPY.—This work has already passed through three editions, and promises fair to outlive the novelty which commonly attend new publications. It has long been a subject of regret, that the history of our country, and the memorable events which occurred during the revolution, so fruitful in themselves for the pen of genius, should be suffered to pass away, with the great patriots and statesmen of whose renown fame speaks in terms of admiration, and none so poor to do them justice.

A New Orleans paper of the 23d ult. contains a letter from Lieut. Kearney, of the United States brig Enterprise, dated off Cape Antonio, March 7, that he had parted with his convoy of sixty sail bound to the United States, near the double head shot-keys. On the day of the date of his letter his vessel being disguised, a twelve-oared barge was discovered in pursuit; but soon afterwards she made a retreat towards Mangrove Point.

He immediately dispatched his boats, under the command of Lieut. McIntosh, who succeeded in capturing, up the creek, four boats and two launches, (sloop rigged.) The Enterprise proceeded on a cruise in the Bay of Mexico.

We learn, says the New-York Gazette, by the ship Ariosto, arrived on Thursday last, from Africa, that at the time of her sailing there were 250 slave vessels on the Coast.

A letter from an officer on board the U. S. schr. Nonsuch, to a friend in New-Brunswick, says:—A duel took place on the 4th February, at Port Mahon, between Midshipmen Worthington and Guilleard, in consequence of a misunderstanding occasioned by Midshipman Purveyance, all of the United States frigate Constitution, in which Mr. Worthington was shot dead the first fire, and the latter escaped without injury.

## DRAMATIC SUMMARY.

WALLACE STREET.—Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson's benefit was numerously and fashionably attended on Wednesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace's house, last evening, displayed the fashion and beauty of our city, whose smiles are at all times flattering, and generally distinguishes the deserving candidate for public favour. Monsieur Labarre, (pupil and member of the royal academy of Paris), and Monsieur Tatin, are engaged for two nights, and will perform in a new ballet called *Jealousy in a Seraglio*; or the Generous Sultan, on Monday evening next. The Theatre will close for the season on Friday, with a new play called *The Spy*; or a Tale of the Neutral Ground, founded on the popular novel of that name.

FRANK STREET.—This evening, will be presented, for the first time, a new melodrama from Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, entitled *The Sultan*, or a Trip to Turkey. We are informed, that Mr. Forrest, the Hero of the Philadelphia stage, intends making his debut in the character of Richard III. on Tuesday eve.

READING, (Pa.).—The ball-room belonging to Mr. Ficker, has been converted into a Theatre, for a few nights, under the management of Messrs. Herbert & Williams. On the 6th inst. it opened with the comedy of the Soldier's Daughter, and the force of Fortune's Foe. A writer in one of the Reading papers, speaking of Mrs. Williams, says, "from the time of her first appearance in Philadelphia, she has been a favourite with those whom it was Cooke's pride and Kean's ambition to please."

NEW-YORK.—Mr. Phillips made his first appearance in the present engagement, on Wednesday night, as Count Belino in the Devil's Bridge. A Pas de Deux, by the Messrs Durango, and the force of the Turnpike Gate, concluded the entertainment. On Thursday eve, was performed the new drama of *Lochiel*, or the Exile's Return. *Lochiel* by Mrs. Holman—after which the force of the Prize, or 2, 3, 3, 8.

BOAT.—Mr. Duff took his benefit on Monday, when was performed for the first time, as *Lochiel*, or the Exile of Siberia, with the force of the Thieves, and the interlude of Sylvester Duggerwood, in which Mr. Duff gave imitations of several distinguished performers. Mr. Kline, in the imitation of a number of his friends, was in consequence of a recent disappointment, was induced to take a second benefit on Wednesday last, on which occasion was produced the comedy called *The Way to Keep him*, or a Man in Love with his Wife, with the drama of the Forest of Rosenwald. Mr. and Mrs. Parker's benefit was announced for last evening.

SAVANNAH.—The theatre opened on the 2d inst. for one night only, for the purpose of giving the citizens an opportunity to attend Mrs. Gifford's benefit—the selected comedy of the Jealous

Wife and Timour the Tutor; the parts of Mrs. Gifford and Timour, were performed by herself. POSTER.—Mr. Richard Wroughton, late of Dury Lane Theatre, died on the 7th of Feb. aged 74 years. He was an actor of the old school, and always maintained a most respectable rank.

## The Saturday Mail.

NEW-YORK, April 12.

From St. Salvador.—Captain Beard, passenger in the Bordeaux, from St. Salvador, confirms the report that a disturbance had broken out at Pernambuco, between the European and Brazilian troops, and some blood shed.

From Maracaibo.—The brig Superb arrived yesterday from Maracaibo, whence she sailed 11th ult. We learn that on the 5th of March a party of Spanish Guerrillas, amounting to 180, from Coro, attacked the picket at Alto Gracia, and beat them in. The Spaniards lost 5 killed, and 8 or 10 wounded—the Colombians none. Fifty deserters came into Alto Gracia, and reported that the Spaniards at Coro, were in a starving state.

The Maracaibo troops under Gen. Hares, 1100 strong, and the Irish legion, 250 strong, took up the line of march on the 6th for Coro. Bolivar was said to be at Santa Fee. Com. Belluche's squadron was destined to act against Coro, which place, together with Porto Cavello, was in a state of blockade.

There was an embargo at Maracaibo for twenty days, which was raised on the departure of the fleet. All the possession of the merchants had been taken for the support of the troops, and the merchants were paid in government paper, which cost 25 per cent discount.

Markets very dull: produce high and very scarce, owing to the lower class of people being impressed into government service.

## LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the regular packet ship Columbia, captain Rogers, in 37 days from Liverpool, files of London and Liverpool papers to the 3d of March, have been received.

There appears to be no news of moment. The papers from the continent says if any important events occur, they will not take place before March. The intelligence from Spain is not so late as received here via Gibraltar.

The papers are principally filled with the proceedings of the British parliament, and debates on the state of the country. The ministry have proposed to amend the agricultural interest, by the lowering of rents and the gradual better adjustment on the part of the farmer, of his outlay and expenses, to his production and income.

It is hinted that the King of England is negotiating for a Princess of Denmark.

A rumor prevails that the Bank will at length be induced to discount paper at four instead of five per cent.

Several petitions have been presented in the house of commons, from the Radicals in different parts of the Kingdom, in favour of Hunt, confined in Ilchester goal.

The French Minister of War has published a letter honourably exculpating the 72d regiment of artillery, from any participation in the conspiracy of Nantes. The Minister considers, that all fears of internal commotion in France have wholly subsided.

The venerable Earl of Egmont, aged 85, died on Monday, Feb. 25. He is succeeded in his titles and English and Irish estates, by his only son John Viscount Percival.

The Spanish Cortes have recently decreed, that all Spanish vessels employed in the slave trade are to be forfeited, and the owners, *fitters out*, masters, and officers condemned to ten years' labour on the public works. All foreigners entering Spanish ports with slaves on board, shall be liable to the same penalties; and all slaves found on board shall be set free. We trust these regulations will be seriously carried into effect.

Accounts from Paris state, that the Greeks had taken Athens from the Turks, and hoisted the standard of independence upon its ramparts.

The debates on the various parts of the law respecting the press in France, have finally closed in the chamber of deputies.

Doubts are expressed by letters received in London from Paris, that the law respecting the liberty of the press, will not receive the sanction of the Chamber of Peers.

The continental papers are devoid of much interest. An article dated Frankfurt, Feb. 17, says, that Prince Cantacuzene was on his way to St. Petersburg, charged with a mission on the part of the provisional government of Greece, established at Argos, to implore the support of the emperor Alexander, for the Independence of the Greeks, and to submit to the Russian government the decision agreed to by the congress of Argos, on the subject of the introduction of a monarchical constitution, the basis of which are only to be established with the consent of the Great European powers. Letters from Vienna announce that great events may be expected in March; and that war between Russia and the Porte appears inevitable; but a thousand letters have said so before.

Mr. Wilmot the British under secretary of state, has denied, in the house of commons a statement which appeared in the London Globe, that instructions had been sent to the West India Islands, that the ports should be opened to the direct trade of the United States, upon the principles of reciprocity proposed by the American government.

We have seen a letter from Paris, dated 6 o'clock on Thursday last, in which it is most positively asserted, that despatches had reached the French Government the night before, announcing that the people of Sicily had risen simultaneously, and massacred nearly the whole of the Austrian troops in that island.

A person of consequence at Berlin is said to have received a letter from Vienna, informing him that the Austrian Cabinet, dissatisfied with the Answer of the Divan to the note of the mediating Powers, has declared, through Count Bismarck, that the free and unrestricted adoption of all the articles that compose the Ultimatum of the Russian Cabinet can alone insure the preservation of peace; that whatever be the definitive decision of the Sublime Porte, it was notified to the Divan that it would not in any manner interrupt the harmony which subsists for the maintenance of peace in Europe, between Austria, Russia, and England.

## SITUATION OF IRELAND.

The state of unhappy Ireland, continues to grow more and more deplorable. We cannot possibly give extracts this evening, and must content ourselves by stating briefly, that murders, robberies, and burnings, become more frequent every week; and the commission of these crimes continue to be attended by the most aggravating circumstances. In the mean time, the strong arm of the government has thus far been exerted in vain to repress the blood-chilling outrages.

The Special Commission at Cork, had just closed their session, and on the last day, SENTENCE OF DEATH WAS PASSED ON THIRTY-FIVE OF THE WHITE-BOYS! Many were sentenced to be transported. Some of the worst of the offenders were ordered for an early execution; and it was distinctly stated, that the pardoning power would not be extended to one of them, unless a change was effected in the disposition and conduct of the people, so that tranquillity should be restored. Three of the thirty-five, were recommended to mercy by the jury.

Disturbances in Ireland.—A numerous meeting of the Magistracy of the County of Cork was held on Thursday last, to consider the expediency of addressing the Lord Lieutenant to extend the Insurrection Act to that County.

A privy council assembled at the Castle on Tuesday last, when it was determined to place the city and county of Limerick, under the operation of the Insurrection Act.

The following account of the state of Tipperary, appears in the Limerick Chronicle of Wednesday:—

Last Saturday, at so early an hour as 4 o'clock in the evening, a barbarous murder was committed in the streets of Tipperary, on a man of the name of John Shea, from Aberlour, by four villains, who beset and almost instantly killed him with stones. There was a very prompt pursuit by the police, but the murderers have escaped for the present. On the night of Wednesday last, a house on the Fairgreen of Holcross was consumed to ashes within the space of an hour from the first appearance of the flames. The farm was lately taken by Mr. Bourke, the present occupier.

London, Feb. 28.

The Paris journals of Tuesday last, have arrived this morning. On the preceding day, the Chamber of Deputies was occupied with a project on the Quarantine Laws; the consideration of which was further adjourned.

Palermo, Jan. 31.

A corps of 1000 Austrian troops arrived in this town about eight days ago. Public tranquillity has not been disturbed one instant since the discovery of the tanners' plot (*conspiratori*). Nine of the conspirators have been shot, among whom were a priest, named Villa, and a notary. Other individuals have been condemned to the same fate, but they have not yet suffered.

The French Papers of Sunday are chiefly occupied with the law proceedings on the subject of *Bonaparte's* will; the case was opened on Saturday, and a large auditory were anxious to hear the proceedings, when the King's Counsel rose, and strangely disappointed the curious spectators by the following motion:—"As the publicity of this cause might bring with it serious inconveniences, we require that it be pleaded with closed doors, on the day which it shall please the Court to determine."—The Court being of opinion that the public discussion of this cause would lead to serious inconveniences, ordered that the pleadings should take place with closed doors on Monday.

M. Dupuy, formerly an officer of Cavalry, and at present merchant at Nantes, has been arrested by the gendarmerie, and confined in the prison at Bouffray, as implicated in the plot some time since discovered in that city.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Feb. 22.—It is said that Prince Hardenberg has received important despatches from St. Petersburg, brought here by Mr. Bracon, the English Cabinet Messenger, who arrived at Berlin on the 14th inst. from the Russian capital.

The following paragraph appears in the *Gazette de France*:—"At a masked ball, which took place at Cassel on the 31st of January, the Prince Royal being pursued by several masks, and apprehensive of being recognized, changed masks with his valet de chambre. The latter was accosted by the persons who had followed the prince, and had the imprudence to accept from them a glass of grog. He was immediately taken ill, and expired the next day. The letter of the 9th February, which announces this event, states, that up to that day no traces had been discovered of the parties implicated in this crime."

Remnes, Feb. 17.—We know not what news or what fears can have suddenly filled our authorities with alarm, but for some days past, all that we see looks as if Remnes were to be the theatre of some event. The military posts are doubled; people are forbidden to pass, after six o'clock, opposite the powder magazine; a part of the military force is constantly on foot. The gen-

darmerie, which does the duty in the city, is augmented; we meet with it every where in the avenues; the public places, in and out of uniform, in the streets, and at the doors of the houses; it goes to meet the carriages, continually visits the hotels, seeks every where for information, and appears to be looking after some individuals which it shows all possible eagerness to discover.

## Public Sale Report.

J. and W. LIPPINCOTTS & CO. Auctioneers.

Cargo of Ship *Adriatic*, from Canton, April 11.

[Terms, 6 months.]

TEAS—295 chests Young Hyson, 85 a 95 lb.

104 do. do. do. 82 a 85 —

385 do. do. do. 87 a 91 —

50 chests Hyson, 1,01 —

12 chests, 6 lb. do. Imperial, 1,30 —

25 10-catty boxes do. 1,30 —

11 chests } Gun Powder, 1,28 a

24 do. do. } 1,30 —

23 10-catty boxes } 55 a 55 1/2 —

279 chests Hyson Skin, 1,00 —

10 chests Peccan, 76 a 78 —

50 do. Pouchong, 40 —

CASSIA—40 boxes, 37 1/2 —

600 mats, 37 1/2 —

From April 6th to 13th, 1862.

SUGAR—28 hbls. St. Croix (prime) \$14, a 14,50

18 do. New-Orleans, 10,60 a 11,10 cwt.

11 do. Porto Rico, 10,00 a 10,05 —

8 hbls. do. do. 8,80 a 10,00 —

RUM—26 hbls. 95 a 98 gal.

RAISINS—75 boxes Bunch Muscatell 3,25 box.

25 do. do. 2,90 a 2,95 —

LEMONS—85 boxes Sicily, 2,00 a 2,15 —

INDIGO—2 cases Bengal 2,35 a 2,36 lb.

GINGER—15 kegs ground 4 a 4 1/2 —

TWINE—35 boxes fine Calcutta, 24 a 26 —

3 do. coarse do. 23 —

CHOCOLATE—25 boxes Boston No. 1, 12 a 12 1/2 —

DEMIGRINS—200 1-gallon (wickered) 30 a 31 ps.

WINE—15 cases Lisbon, 1,30 a 1,35 gal.

TOBACCO—16 hbls. Kentucky, 3,50 a 4,50 cwt.

9 do. do. 2,25 a 3,00 —

90 bales do. 3,62 1/2 —

LIQUORICE—5 cases Hall. 15 —

## MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. John P. Peckworth, Mr. FRANCIS C. NICHOLS, to Miss CATHARINE CONWELL.

On Thursday evening, the 5th inst. by Mr. Peter Keyser, Mr. ELIJAH MITCHELL, to Miss HANNAH K. LYND, daughter of Mr. James Lynd, both of this city.

On third day, the 2d inst. at Friends' North Meeting-House, JAMES WALTON, of Mount-Holly, to HANNAH R. daughter of the late Jacob Burton, of Gloucester county, N.J.

On Thursday, the 11th inst. by the Reverend Dr. Sargent, Mr. SAMUEL WILLIAMSON, Jun. to Miss MARIA, daughter of George Rush—all of this place.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Harold, Mr. FELIX CHAGOURNES, of New-York, to MARY LOUISA, eldest daughter of Charles Brugiere, of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. T. H. Skinner, Dr. JOSEPH C. SKINNER, of Edenton, North Carolina, to Miss CHARLOTTE DARRACH, of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hyden, Mr. JOHN MARCUS AURELIUS BESSON, Merchant, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Charles Stewart.

## DIED.

On Sunday morning, in the 49th year of his age, Mr. JOHN STOP.

On Sunday morning, at 4 o'clock, Mrs. ELIZABETH SICARD, aged 61.

On Wednesday night, Mr. BENEDICT SNYDER, stocking weaver.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARY FOX, wife of George Fox, Esq. and the late Gen. Philemon Dickinson, of this city.

On the 4th inst. Miss ELIZABETH BUTT-FIELD, a native of England, aged 37.

On Thursday morning, EDWARD FOX, Esq. Secretary of the American Fire Insurance Company, aged 70.

DIED, of pulmonary consumption, on Friday, 5th inst. at his late residence at the village of Black Horse, N. J. Mr. JOSEPH BROGNARD, late of this city, merchant, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 9th December last, in Bremen, GERHARD GEISSE, aged 33 years, late of this city.

In the borough of Chester, Pa. on Saturday last, ISABELLA BEVAN, a member of the Society of Friends, aged 55 years.

At Baltimore, Lieut. BENJAMIN VINING, an accomplished officer of the U. States' army, and formerly of this city.

In London, Feb. 3, suddenly, Mrs. GARRICK, relict of George Garrick, Esq. (brother of the late celebrated David Garrick.)

## ALMANAC.

1862.	Sun	Sat	High	Moon's
APRIL.	Rises	Sets	Water	Phase.
13 Saturday,	5 30	6 30	6 17	☾ 2 1/2
14 Sunday,	5 28	6 32	7 14	☾ 2 1/2
15 Monday,	5 27	6 33	8 29	☾ 2 1/2
16 Tuesday,	5 6	6 34	9 50	☾ 2 1/2
17 Wednesday,	5 25	6 35	11 0	☾ 2 1/2
18 Thursday,	5 23	6 37	11 57	☾ 2 1/2
19 Friday,	5 22	6 38	0 20	☾ 2 1/2

## NEW HARDWARE.

JUST received, and for sale by the subscriber, a general assortment of FRESH GOODS, among which are, English Wagon Boxes, Superior Cast Steel and Blistered Steel, warranted, Anvils and Vices, Curry Combs of all sorts, Shovels and Spades, Sadrans, Chain Traces, Saws, Sparrowhills, Bed-screws, Single and double barrel Fowling Pieces, Shot-makers' Pincers, Nippers, Hammers and Awl Blades, Cupboard, Chest, Desk, Trunk and Nub Locks, Single and Double bolt Padlocks, Drawer, Drill and Horse Locks, Nails, Knitting Pins, Tin'd Rivets, Mackerel, Herring and Shad Twine, Thumb Latches, Bolts, Straw Knives, Patent Lamps, Candlesticks, Praying Pans, Gimblets, Flints, Knives and Forks, Small Cutlery, and a variety of other articles, in the Hardware line. BENJAMIN HORNO, April 13—tf No. 47 Market Street.

## TO LET.

A two story House in Sixth Street, on the west side, first above the Milford Bridge, containing two rooms on each floor, with two garrets, (one of which is plastered,) two good dry cellars, and a pump of excellent water at the door, in a healthy pleasant situation, one mile and a half from the city, opposite the Phoenix Tavern. Enquire on the premises, or of Mr. Edrick, No. 9 North Fifth Street. April 13—tf

## LEGHORN HATS.

JUST received from Leghorn, in the brig Draco, via Boston, and other late arrivals, at MRS. KNEELAND'S Fashionable Leghorn and Splendid Straw Bonnet Store, No. 9, North Second Street. Thirty cases LEGHORN HATS, making a full and complete assortment of every description, which will be sold either by the case or in lots to suit purchasers. All orders for the above article, either made up or otherwise, with all kinds of trimmings, &c. will be supplied at the shortest notice, and the work faithfully executed in the most fashionable manner. March 9—tf

## PUBLIC SALE.

BY COMLY & TAYLOR,  
No. 73 MARKET STREET.

### DRY GOODS.

On Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, on a credit of 90 days, for approval, will be sold, a large assortment of fresh imported and reasonable DRY GOODS, in lots. Also, a quantity of Domestic Manufactures, Canebrakes, &c.

On Saturday morning, the 20th April, at 9 o'clock, will be sold, on a credit, An extensive assortment of DRY GOODS, to the season.

### GOODWIN'S PRIZE LIST.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY.  
9 13 27, \$5000  
13 15 27, 1000  
12 21 27, 500  
9 13 27, 200  
9 21 27, 100  
13 15 19, 100  
9 13 21, 100  
13 15 21, 100  
9 13 21, 100  
All marked \* sold at this fortunate Office corner of Third and Walnut streets. April 1—tf

### Splendid distribution of Prize at Gibbs's Office.

ON THURSDAY afternoon, the UNION CANAL LOTTERY, commenced and finished drawing. The following is the pleasing result:—No. 9, 13, 27, the Capital Prize of 5000 DOLLARS. Was, as usual, sold at the Temple of Fortune, 44 SOUTH THIRD STREET, to a gentleman of this city, who wishes his name to remain undisclosed. This is not the 1st or 2d Highest Prize sold Office—the fortunate holder received the for his prize yesterday. Several other persons have been sold, the numbers of which are retained, owing to the hurry of business. Holders of all prizes are invited to call and the Cash—those that have small prizes are invited to call and renew them for tickets in the PENNSYLVANIA STATE LOTTERY, 2d Class drawing—price of tickets \$6. No. 13, 21, 27, a prize of EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS, the 3d Capital drawn, also, my office. April 13—tf

P. CANFIELD'S PRIZE LIST OF THE DRAWING OF Union Canal Lottery—2d Class. new snail. Which took place on the 11th of April, 1st 2nd 3d 4th

Nos. drawn 27—13—9—15—

Which gives the following result to the first adventurers:

Tickets, Cont'g 3 Nos.	Being the	A Prize
2591	27 13 9	1st, 2d & 3d drawn
3272	27 13 15	1st, 2d & 4th
3141	27 13 21	1st, 2d & 5th
2622	27 9 15	1st, 3d & 4th
6141	27 9 21	1st, 3d & 5th
3566	27 15 21	1st, 4th & 5th
2 79	13 19 15	2d, 3d & 4th
2 85	13 9 21	2d, 3d & 5th
3266	18 15 21	2d, 4th & 5th
2616	9 15 21	3d, 4th & 5th

10 Tickets of 3 Nos. each, which drew top, \$50.

Also were determined by the above 3 drawn numbers, 250 prizes of two numbers, viz:

Tickets, containing 2 Nos. each, a prize of			
25 do.	do.	27 13	12 are 30
25 do.	do.	27 9	12 " 30
25 do.	do.	27 15	12 " 30
25 do.	do.	27 21	12 " 30
25 do.	do.	13 9	12 " 30
25 do.	do.	13 15	12 " 30
25 do.	do.	13 21	12 " 30
25 do.	do.	9 15	12 " 30
25 do.	do.	9 21	12 " 30
25 do.	do.	15 21	12 " 30
1500 do.	27-13-9-15-21 each.	6 "	900

1500 do. 27—13—9—15—21 each. 6 " 900

1 60 Prizes amounting to \$20,000

\* All sold at FORTUNE'S HOME

P. CANFIELD'S, Pennsylvania State Lottery Office, N. 127, CHESTNUT STREET, Nearly opposite and between the Post-Office and United States Bank.

Where the cash will be paid for the prizes, soon as presented, without discount.

P. CANFIELD returns his sincere acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the patronage he has received in the second class of the UNION CANAL LOTTERY, new series, and solicits a continuance of it, in the tenth class, scheme of which is really a splendid one, and to commence drawing on Wednesday next, to continue drawing regularly at least once a week, and on each day



The proprietor is in possession of many other respectable certificates, which he does not deem necessary to publish, but invites the public to call and see them.